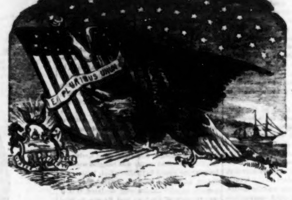
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



Deacon & Peterson, Publishers, NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance. THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1753.

Original Poetry.

HYMN TO SLEEP.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Oh Sleep! thou crowning gift of God!
 The weary heart beneath thy wings
Lies folded close, while o'er its rest
 Some angel watcher sings.

Through the dim twilight floating on,
 Thou comest with the regal Night;
The awed soul worships at her shrine,
 Most loving thy gentle might.

For God's great promises are sent
 Ofttimes, through thee, beloved Sleep!
While, hushed in silence by His breath,
 The stars their watches keep.

Thou dost to mourning hearts give calm,
 And close the lids o'er grieving eyes,
And so, with their beloved, till morn
 They walk in Paradise.

And sometimes to the dreaming brain,
 Come angel voices, such as sang
The Saviour's birth when Bethlehem's hills
 To the glad chorus rang.

Life hath no blessing so divine!
 Thou went'st within thine eyes serene,
The light that tells of perfect peace—
 A [illegible] felt, unseen.

Oh, Sleep! most pure, most perfect gift!
 Thou could'st to earth have been decreed
Alone by Him who bore our griefs,
 And knows our utmost need.

ADA VERNON.

Original Story.

THE PRESENTIMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY METTA VICTORIA FULLER.

CHAPTER I.

And still her footsteps in the passage,
 Her blushes at the door,
Her timid words of maiden welcome,
 Come back to me once more.
—*Bayard Taylor.*

Yes! I was in love with Florence Emerson. I had dreamed it before, and now I knew it. I felt through every fibre of my being that I loved her now and forever, and could from henceforth love none but her. I could not sleep; but lay upon my bed, recalling her every sweet word and look, as I had watched them through the evening. Her innocent smiles, her soft, bright eyes and gentle voice kept coming back upon my thought with a thrill of happiness. I could not but hope, too, that I had the power to awaken an interest in her young heart.

When, from the midst of the frolic band that were moving about the old-fashioned parlors and the moonlit porticoes, we found ourselves, once in the course of the evening, standing alone beneath the shadow of the multiflora, there was something in her downcast manner that strangely prompted me to press her to my breast. But when she stepped forward into the full light of the moon, and raised her eyes, —those pure, celestial, bright eyes!—so earnestly upraised while she spoke of the unusual beauty of the night, I could only gaze upon her in a silence which she must have understood, for again her eyelids drooped, and she hastened from me like a timid fawn.

There was nothing to trouble the deep current of joy which flowed in upon my soul, except the fear that she would not return my passion; and this fear was more a hope that she would and must. Those evils which beset so many young lovers, making "the course of true love never to run smooth," did not arise to distress my mental joy. We were not mismatched with respect of years; she was scarce eighteen, and I twenty-two. We both had pleasant homes, were of cultivated families, and had each our due share of accomplishments. But I was not thinking of any of these things, certainly; I was only feeling that I loved Florence Emerson—feeling it in the strong, wilful, passionate heart of a young man, when it loves deeply for the first time,—feels it, with delight, with eagerness, with quick emotions of a new joy rushing like a golden fire through his veins.

The faint light of the early summer morning was brightening at my window before I fell asleep. Even then my new passion was present with me, and I went on dreaming through my slumbers the same life that I lived when awake; save that after a length of time the vision deepened, and the dream was more powerful, in its intense sense of existence, than the waking reality.

I saw my Florence standing in the edge of the grove which skirted the meadow at the back of their country house. She stood half in the green shadow, half in the golden sunlight; her brown hair waving out into the light, her white dress fluttering, and her sweet face turned back towards me, who was crossing the meadow to reach her. I saw love for me in her look, in her attitude, hesitating but pleased. There was a flush upon her cheek, and a soft earnestness in her glance, such as I had seen when we stood under the multiflora; and she was evidently waiting for me to overtake her. The sight quickened my pulses, quickened my footsteps. I was almost near enough to touch her hand, when she turned and fled into the wood. But still her face was bent back towards me, beguiling me to follow her. I pursued her swiftly, with my eyes constantly fixed upon her changing countenance, that sometimes smiled and sometimes grew deadly pale, yet ever had a pleading look; as if she fled not of her own accord, and implored of me to overtake her.

The hours lengthened into days, and the days lengthened into weeks; yet I approached no nearer to the slight, white form forever flitting before me; that beautiful, beloved face, turned towards me earnestly, so near and yet so far, was maddening me with an intense desire to reach it, to stop its fearful flight, to rest it upon my bosom, and soothe away its unhappy expression. At last there grew upon me a sense which was stronger than the waking thoughts of men;—I seemed to have passed out of time into eternity, and to have been through measureless everlastings pursuing the object of my love. I was weary, but I dared not pause, for her flight knew no pause; every nerve was worn until it seemed parting; every heart-beat was labored, as if it were the last—and still I could not rest. All my being was absorbed in the one resolve to overtake my Florence.

After infinities which knew not time or space, she stood still. And I—oh! bliss untold! I, who had been pursuing her through eternity, until my fierce life was spent beyond farther endurance, I was cast by the ebbing centuries at her feet. But so wasted that I could only stir my eyelids to raise my adoring glance to her face. She, beautiful as ever, though paler, and with a more womanly look, she stooped to me, and raised my head to her bosom. She kissed me; and, with that first kiss, rushed through my frame a renewed and glorious life; pain and suffering melted away: it seemed as if my spirit, which had but budded before, a blasted bud at that, suddenly opened into rich and dewy bloom.

Rising from her gentle arm, I stood upon my feet and clasped her to my breast; and now I became conscious that we had stayed our flight upon the brink of a precipice. I looked down it, and saw only a lurid darkness of empty deeps, that could not be measured by our vision; I was giddy with the sight, and yet Florence was leaning upon my bosom and pushing me back, back until I could not recover myself. I did not then think of my own danger, but of hers; I thrust her rudely away from me, and at the moment in which she tottered back, I fell.

Waves of the black atmosphere parted beneath me, letting me down, yet rushing up against me, so as to throw the hot blood to my brain, and strike fiery sparkles from my eyes. At first my sensations were dreadful and despairing; then succeeded a long blank in which I was only conscious of perpetually falling; except that, added to that, was a dim idea of striking against some unknown world, and being dashed to atoms.

"I shall then have lost my Florence forever," was the wild thought that shocked me back to a sense of pain. The moment that possibility struck my brain, I awoke. I sat up in bed; the sun shone gaily in at my window; my gold repeater chimed seven o'clock. Lo! it had only been three hours since I was an ardent inmate of the actual world—a youth of twenty-two; "soothing my love-laden soul in secret hour" with visions of its mistress—and now, how immeasurably old I felt!—older than Time, and full of painful experience!

Realizing that I had only passed through a remarkable dream, yet perplexed by a double consciousness, I arose and went to the mirror. There I saw the same face that had beamed upon me radiantly hopeful the night before, when, with an impulse with which all young men will sympathize, I had sought the glass to persuade myself that my features were really such as a maiden might admire.

The same face met me; but the flush and light were gone; it looked no older, but it was pale, and there was a slight settling down of brow and eyelid, with a new line at the corners of the mouth, which gave it an unfamiliar expression.

I laughed, muttering to myself, "Dyspepsia!" but then I had never been troubled with that disease so provocative of terrible dreams, and I had eaten nothing the evening before, except an ice. Then came back upon my memory several instances of singular dreams of mine proving prophetic—of having solved problems in sleep-land, which had defied my waking energies, while a student at college; and once, alas! of having truly foreboded the death of a little sister.

"My love is doomed to unhappiness. I feel it—I know it!" I whispered to myself, as with slow and listless fingers I drew on my garments.

I dreaded to go down to breakfast. I felt as if some sudden misfortune had set me aside from the joyous path my friends were treading; and that, while they rushed on as eagerly as ever, I had arrived at the end of my journey after pleasure, and henceforth had no object to pursue. It seemed as if my Florence were already lost, and that if I should go to her house to call upon her, she would not be at home.

A second and third silvery summons sounded, before I gathered courage to descend to the breakfast room, where I was rallied by my sister and my young witch of a cousin upon my pallid appearance.

"Now what is the matter with you, Gerald? you have got a strange look about your eyes; you are pale—is it a secret wound about here?" asked one, laying her pretty hand upon her heart.

"Have you had a bad dream?" inquired the other, with pretended simplicity. "Did you dream that Florence Emerson was—"

"Yes! I *have* had a bad dream!" I broke in so crossly as to half-frighten the timid things out of their mischief; and rising abruptly from my scarcely-tasted coffee, I sought refuge upon the piazza.

Here I was mocked by a multiflora vine swinging towards me with its dewy roses, just as that vine had done in the moonlight the evening before, when Florence stood under it bashfully, and I was thrilled with sweet delight. That was but ten hours ago, and yet between that moment and now, loomed up as plainly as reality the mountainous sorrow of my dream.

"I shall be a fool if I do not shake off these silly thoughts," I said to myself. "Come, girls! let us ride."

They responded gladly to my summons; the horses were brought to the door; we mounted, and away!—what a mad chase I led them through that very wood, into whose depths, grown limitless under the magic of sleep, I had pursued my love through unreal ages of agony.

This real wood was not so limitless, and it was an absolute relief to my distempered state of mind, when, after a five-mile race, we came out into the open country beyond.

"It is not so much of a wood after all; a mere grove!" I cried, exultingly. "One might easily afford to follow his lady-love through a darker wilderness than this."

"We thought it quite a wood before we got out of it; for what, with the fallen trees and the low branches, we risked our necks to keep up with you. But it is not Minnie Brown that will be outdone even by her gallant cousin Gerald."

I looked at my companions, and then back into the wood with astonishment. I had forgotten their presence for the last three miles, and had led them recklessly through the thick and pathless forest. Their hats were hanging by the ribbons down their shoulders, their curls were floating back in disorder; but their cheeks were red, and their eyes bright with excitement. They would not have been flattered had they suspected, that instead of trying their skill I had forgotten them entirely.

"Bravo! ladies, you, both of you, deserve a prize," I cried, admiringly, coming to my senses somewhat.

We rode home by a more feasible path; the fresh air of a pleasant June morning was working its cure upon me; so that when we found ourselves again at home, I found it easy to be amused by the singing and mirthful talk, the light laughter and pretty arts of my lovely sister and our gipsy cousin.

The dinner-hour came and passed. I stretched myself out upon the settee in the hall, to take my usual siesta. I had no more than begun to drowse, before my dream repeated itself; I saw Florence waiting for me in the edge of the wood; I hastened after her, but the half-consciousness that I was to pass again over that interminable way, smote me with such despair that I groaned aloud.

"Gerald St. Leger! what *did* you eat at dinner?"

"It is the cucumbers."

"It is the nightmare."

With being pinched, laughed at, and pulled off the settee, I was saved from the vision which pursued me.

"I am glad that you awakened me, girls. I believe I shall never venture to go to sleep again," and I shuddered.

"What was it?" asked Minnie, peering into my face with her great black eyes. "Was it Lucifer, with horns, sitting upon your breast and smothering you?"

"Worse! pray, don't ask," I replied.

"Worse? mercy! then I am glad we heard you," she continued, regarding me with pitying curiosity. "Perhaps, you dreamed, as I do when I have the headache, that a great black man was bending over you with a knife, and you tried to scream, and could not, and after a while you groaned."

I could not but laugh at the little mother-Eve of a thing, seeking with childish simplicity the knowledge denied to her.

"Never mind *what* it was—it was bad enough," I replied, patting her cheek. "I will go down to your father's office and see who is on the sick list to-day. Perhaps I shall be."

"Well? we will study the Midsummer-Night's Dream, while you are gone, to find some spell for charming the evil spirits away; and to-night you may expect us to visit your sleep with potions for your eyelids that will give you sweeter dreams."

I passed down the steps, over the lawn, and out into the street leading down into the little village. It lay drowsing in the broad sunlight, deserted, except by a few idlers around the hotel-steps and beneath the awnings.

My uncle was not in his office; I sat awhile looking over the latest city dailies; I felt as I could not endure the long, the intolerable afternoon. I had told Florence upon parting with her, that I would come with my sister the next evening. But now, I not only felt as if I could not remain away from her until night, but as if I could not bear that any eyes should witness our next meeting. I expected to find her changed; to find her affected in some mysterious manner with the same presentiment which haunted me. I lingered until four o'clock, and then yielded to the impulse which urged me towards her house. It lay in the opposite direction from my home, so that I did not fear the inquisitive discoveries of the bright eyes I left behind. Besides, it was not an unusual thing for me to while away a portion of the long days in the cool parlors at Rose Lawn.

The gate swung open silently to receive me. I could hardly summon strength to get to the portico; for the first time I did not walk hastily, eagerly towards the presence so adored by me. I made an excuse to my own sinking heart by stopping twice or thrice to pull some of the roses from the profusion of which the place took its name. These I arranged into a bouquet as I stepped slowly over the piazza into the hall. The parlor door was open to admit the breeze, and as I looked up I saw Florence upon a sofa, her small hand resting in that of a young man, a stranger to me, who sat by her side. His air was that of an accepted lover.

I may have stood there a full moment before either of them noticed me. I grew cold, like one dying. Florence first looked up; she started like a guilty creature, blushed, and grew pale. I know not into what folly I might have been betrayed, but the first keen glance from the dark eyes of the stranger, as he raised them to my face, recalled my pride. I went forward and laid my hat upon the hall-table, crushed down my heart, and entered the room with my customary ease.

Florence, who was usually remarked for a sweet dignity, a modest self-possession, was now suffused with blushes as she introduced me to *her friend*, Mr. Evelyn. I believe that my manner was as composed, as politely indifferent as his; if my look was not as triumphantly happy. At first he was a trifle vexed at having his tete-a-tete with Florence interrupted; but he soon grew affable and conversed in a fluent, agreeable way. He did so much of the talking himself, that I had plenty of leisure to observe him.

He was very handsome. I knew that I was esteemed to possess a fine countenance, but it had not the brilliancy, the beauty of his. His forehead was high and white, and relieved by rich masses of fine hair, purple-black. His eyes were a dark hazel, floating in light, and changing while he spoke from mirth to melancholy. His features were all elegant, and his form slight but firm and graceful.

He had a pleasant manner, touched too much with conceit to please a young man of his own age, who might be more critical than one of the fairer sex would be.

He had arrived in the morning train of cars from the East. He was going to the sea-shore the next day, and had come out on purpose to persuade his cousin (he called her cousin, although he believed the relationship to be in the fortieth degree)—to persuade Florence, and her family, to leave rusticating, and accompany him to Newport.

"And are you going?" I inquired carelessly.

It was the first time I had spoken directly to her. Again she started, and fixed her eyes full upon me.

"I have been very happy here," she said, "but mamma and all think best—and so I suppose I shall go."

"To-morrow you start?"

"Yes."

I heard the faint sigh which accompanied the word, but I was not to be duped again. Florence Emerson, a finished coquette! The indignant fire flashed from my eyes—and her glance dropped.

"Shall I bring my sister to see you this evening, as promised; or will you bring your friend over to call upon us?" I asked, as I arose to leave.

"I have sent for a few young people to come in this evening; I would like Charles to meet my friends here, especially your sister. You will find a message when you get home."

I said my adieus, but she followed me into the hall.

"If you and Caroline will go with us to the sea side, we will wait one day for you to make preparations. *Do* consent to go! I shall enjoy myself so much more if Carrie is with us."

"Carrie!" muttered I in a low voice, carried away by the fierce bitterness of my disappointment. "*She* can go if she wishes—but me I think you will not need."

If ever there was love, sad and pure and irrepressible, beaming in a woman's eyes, then it beamed from Florence as I spoke—but she made no further reply. Her face had on the very look, loving, pleading, which it had worn in my dream. I could not have left her, if the stranger, commencing an opera air by the window, had not roused me from my bewilderment.

"Come to-night," I heard some sweet voice whisper, as I went down the steps, walking blindly, like one struck upon the brow.

"Have you heard the news?" cried Cousin Minnie, as I entered the house. "Miss Emerson's lover is in town, and we are invited there to-night."

"Her lover?" I asked the question mechanically.

"Yes, her lover. They have been engaged from childhood, people say. He is a distant relative of her father; and the match was made by the friends, when they were children. A nice match it is, too. *They say* he is a splendid man."

"'They say' a great deal in the first few hours, I think," interposed Carrie. Her sisterly love no doubt detected the secret of my paleness, and she sought to ward off the blow. "How so much could have been ascertained in one day, is wonderful. Florence will laugh when I tell her what a gossip a little village is."

"Yes, but I had the story from her own Aunt Eliza; I was over there an hour ago, and she was telling me."

"A foolish aunt," said Carrie, "and I hardly believe her."

"Nevertheless, *I* think it true," I said with a hollow smile. "I have seen the lovers, for such they appear to me. They want you, Carrie, to join them on their excursion to the seashore."

"And you?" she asked, looking at me with penetrating eyes.

"I shall not go."

"Then I shall not certainly, dear Gerald;" she came and kissed me—and I saw tears in her beautiful eyes.

"You are worth an hundred Florences; you are not a miserable coquette," I whispered, grasping her hand.

"Neither is she; I am sure of it, brother; I know it. She is half an angel, but she never can be a coquette."

"She is lost to me, I know as certainly."

I dropped her hand and went and flung myself upon the grass under a maple-tree upon the lawn. There I lay until the sun set and the stars came out brightly. I had no desire that the sun should ever shine upon me again. You, whose hearts have grown old or cold or selfish, may laugh at this. But I was only twenty-two. And any one accustomed to judge of character, might tell, from a glance at the conformation of my head and features, that I was not one to love lightly, nor to be turned easily from a settled purpose. There were worlds of fiery passion sleeping in my full, dark-blue eyes, thin nostrils and nervous thinly-cut lips. There was energy in my firmly-moulded chin, and even in the clinging of the short ringlets around my low, broad brow.

Energy and passion—that all my acquaintances knew—but *how much* of intense feeling, of silent power to love and suffer, not even *I* had ever known, until I lay there beneath the maple-tree, gazing up at the eternal stars with pallid forehead, and a heart of molten fire.

"Come to-night," I heard whispered as plainly as if Florence were standing by my side.

The sweet, trembling voice drew me to my feet, even as a pair of pleading eyes had drawn me into the wilderness of my dream. When I went into the house, the girls were ready for their visit. Carrie, with that intuitive delicacy which made her so loveably feminine, forbore asking me why I had neglected to take tea; but slipping her hand upon my arm with an affectionate pressure, began talking of subjects which diverted Minnie from my distrait manner.

There were two or three dozen guests assembled when we reached Rose Lawn. Florence was standing not far from the door, attired in white, and with a few white rose-buds in her hair. There was nothing splendid or showy in her appearance—but to me she looked angelically beautiful. There was scarcely a tint of color in her cheek, and the lids drooped somewhat over the eyes that shone out beneath them as purely as stars from snowy clouds. Before she was aware of our entrance, I had time to observe her paleness, and a look of depression not in keeping with the occasion. One might have thought that in introducing to her old friends a lover, so handsome and attractive as Charles Evelyn, that she would have been all brilliancy.

The moment my sister spoke her name, before she had seen me, the blood rushed up into her clear cheek, flamed for a moment, and went down, leaving her pale for the rest of the evening. That blush! it spoke distinctly to my soul, saying, "I love you, Gerald St. Leger." But circumstances would not let me believe it. "Perhaps," said the fiend of doubt, "it is the blush of shame—for she knows that her eyes, her manner, have said what, it is true, her lips have never spoken—that she has avowed, by the silent language of her face, sentiments which a young girl betrothed to the man of her choice, had no right to avow to another."

Then again, to contradict this hateful thought, came up the lines—

"She loves him yet!
 I know by the blush which rose
And shadows her soul-lit cheek,
 For through all love's sweet disguises
 In timid girls
 A blush will be sure to speak."

I spoke to her briefly, and passed on to another apartment. I wished to remain as unobserved as possible, but my gay companions, who always relied much upon me to keep up the life of their entertainments, were continually demanding my attention. Pride would perhaps have prompted me to conceal my want of spirits, had my soul been one pang the less convulsed; but I suffered too acutely to act successfully, and at last I broke from my innocent tormentors, and sought refuge upon the piazza. I stood beneath the multiflora vine; the moon, flushed and radiant, stood over the wood, flooding with silver showers that darkness which my last night's vision had made so dreadful to me. I could not bear the contemplation of that scene; turning again, I saw Florence standing within, near by the window. By her side was Mr. Evelyn, presenting her with a rose-bud, which he had just gathered from a spray which waved in at the lattice.

A brilliant smile was upon his face, as if he exulted in his love for his beautiful betrothed, and cared not who was aware of his happiness. He tossed back the dark curls from his forehead, bent, and said a sweet sentence in her ear, as she took the bud; and then looked full in her countenance, with those lustrous eyes brimming over with mirthful tenderness. How magnificent he appeared at that moment—and how joyful!—may a merciful Heaven forgive me for the hate which I then felt of his beauty and his happiness. It was more than I could bear. I did not look at either of them again, but without even bidding my hostess good-night, I went away from the presence of my idol, as I hoped, forevermore.

CHAPTER II.

One memory round me everywhere
 One task in silence set me—
The eyes, ever thinking on,
 And striving to forget thee.
And though for age the goading thought
 To madness then oppress me,
I may not curse—I cannot hate—
 My heart still whispers 'bless thee!'"

Florence Emerson had been away to the seaside three weeks, when my sister received a note from her mother, saying that Florence had not been well since she left home, and that now she was ill in bed; and that she seemed to desire the company and presence of her friend Caroline so much, that if Carrie could make it convenient and pleasant to come to them, it would be a great favor to them all.

I had passed the time in a state of partial stupor—an absence of wishes or hopes, and only a dull, constant sense of a pain that was never to leave me. At the reception of this letter my heart began its uneasy and feverish tumult. Why had Florence been ill ever since she left home? Why did she so desire the society of my sister, which was such a cruel wound to me? It is true, they had been good friends for two or three summers—but having taken from me my own best self, could she not even leave me my gentle Carrie? But Florence was ill! withering away, sick in bed; perhaps, was going to die! and I was away from her—had no right to be with her, or to be interested in her living or dying. At thought of this, I urged Caroline to yield to their desire. My entreaties were as earnest as their own; and she was not long in consenting, for her only reluctance to going, was her unwillingness to leave me in what she perceived to be my state of unrest and unhappiness.

"Write to me often," I said, as I bade her good-bye, "every day, if you find time. It is so dull, you know, here in the country; your letters will be my principal amusement."

Amusement! that was a suitable word in which to cover up my intense anxiety; but my dear sister knew much better than I could have wished, what, and about whom, it was that I wanted such constant information.

"I will write very often, and all the news," she replied, "though you must not expect many bits of very gay gossip until Florence is out of her chamber. But, Gerald, dear, I do wish that you would not stay here; you are growing grave, and a little pale, beside. Come, coax mother to accompany you, and go off somewhere on a pleasure excursion."

"I do not think pleasure is to be found at a crowded hotel, Carrie; and I have not ambition enough to try it, I will stay here until you return."

"Forgetfulness may be found in variety, sometimes. You dream too much—you are becoming the veriest idler. It will never do for my brave, impetuous brother to settle down into such a moping visionary."

Her manner was not so reproving as her words. She clung to my hand, and looked into my face with her affectionate eyes, as if she expected me to promise her to be happy, because she loved me, and wished me to be.

I only answered her with a kiss, for I had no promises to make; and so we parted; and for five or six days I lived upon the expectation of a letter from her.

When it came, it said that Florence was better; was sitting up, and that, although she kept her room as yet, they expected to take her out to ride the next day.

Well! why was it so unsatisfactory? I ought to have been glad that Florence was better, and I had no right to allow my heart to beat in that fierce way, when Carrie added that Mr. Evelyn had told her how much his affianced was admired before she grew ill, and how eager he was to have his pure wild-rose out again in the garden of "painted lilies," to which she formed so lovely a contrast.

I did not care about another letter after the first—it was not balm to my burning spirit; but a second came soon—a long epistle, that blinded my brain for a time.

"Florence loves you," wrote my sister, "and as I know how entirely you love her, I see no wrong in allowing you to know her feelings and the position in which she is placed. She and Charles Evelyn are cousins in a remote degree. Their families have always been friendly. When these two were mere children, their parents playfully betrothed them; and as they grew older, their friendship never being broken, Charles still continued to call her his betrothed, and to treat her as his future wife; and with this state of things Florence was contented. That he was handsome, moral, witty, pleasing, and that he loved her, was all her girlish heart required. Her feelings had never been deeply touched; if she read in poetry and romance fervent images to stir her maiden soul for a moment, or to awaken delicious dreams; the dark, bright eyes, the gallant manner, the tender deference of her lover, seemed to her to answer to this poetic painting.

"In ignorance of her own spiritual necessities, she had lived happily enough until she met my brother Gerald. Even then, for a long time, she was ignorant of the name of her new emotions. That her soul was irresistibly attracted towards his, at the first sound of his voice; that she turned towards him unconsciously at the uttering of any deep feeling or sentiment; or looked up to him for approval at the performance of a generous deed; that, at last, she trembled when she heard his footstep, and blushed when he entered her presence, as she had never blushed or trembled before her lover, Charles Evelyn; it was a long time before she realized that all this meant—*love!* That there was a new beauty in the summer-time, a new lustre about the stars, a deeper mystery in the moonlight, a gladder influence in the flowers, the birds; a fuller, richer sense of life; a pleasure in dreaming; a strange unrest, delightful and yet sad, in the heart—that this meant *love*, she did not know until that night, before the coming of her betrothed, when she stood with Gerald, beneath the multiflora, and in the passionate language of his eyes she had read the fatal truth.

"That night swept over her the irresistible consciousness. She thought of Charles Evelyn, and struggled against it—but in vain. All night her spirit was bowed before the tempest of fate rushing over it. That you, Gerald, loved her—that she loved you, with that magnetic, wonderful, complete union of soul which made you two one in spirit and in truth—and yet that another loved her, to whom she was plighted, and whom she had deeply wronged by even this acknowledgement to her own secret thought, was enough to fill her with unhappiness. Believing firmly that honor and justice demanded that she should conceal from her betrothed the change in her feelings, and that Charles loved her as deeply as *his* nature was capable of loving; striving hard to reconcile herself to the sacrifice; she was yet pained more sharply at the image of *your* disappointment. So the hours rolled heavily away.

"The next morning Mr. Evelyn unexpectedly arrived. He seemed so overjoyed to meet her, praised her increasing beauty so tenderly, spoke so earnestly of his wish that their union should take place soon, was so reluctant to have her away from his side, that, if the faint shadow of a hope that he would resign her without reluctance had lingered in her heart, it faded out. Then, too, the match had been so long considered a matter of course by the families, that she dared not hint an objection now. There were reasons why it was desirable; and though her friends might be pleased at a union with the St. Legers, yet the present engagement was in every way satisfactory to them.

"The emotions of Florence when she saw you and her affianced together—with which she read your surprise, doubt, consternation, pain and despair in your face, she has confessed to me in broken language, mingled with tears, while she has hidden her brow upon my bosom. I could not have won these avowals from her, as your love has never been expressed in words, had I not slept with her since coming here, and in her feverish, broken sleep, heard your name, mingled with sighs, often and often upon her restless lips.

"Knowing that there was a mystery which was making my brother and my dearest friend unhappy, I resolved to fathom it.

"Now, dear Gerald, I am sadly perplexed and troubled. I know not what is right nor what is wrong in this matter. I am afraid that my sympathy for those better loved by me has blinded me; but I am certain that Mr. Evelyn does not love Florence as you love her. It is not in his nature. He is brilliant but not deep in his feelings or mind. He is proud of her beauty; attracted by her accomplishments, and fond of her gentleness. It would be a bitter blow to his vanity, and a slight wound to his heart, to be called upon to resign her. The habit of thinking of her as his, would make it hard for him to give up all such thoughts. But when I think of you, my brother, with that line across your forehead, that so deep down behind the pride and resolve of your eyes—when I contrast the enduring fortitude, the measureless capacity for feeling and suffering which distinguishes you, with the gay fancy and the sparkling emotions of Charles Evelyn, I know that it is better that he should be wronged than you. And when I look at Florence, pining away under a conflict in which she is vainly striving for the mastery, I know that the welfare of two is better than of one.

"But the poor child will not hear my reasoning. She looks at me so piteously with those pure, earnest eyes of hers, and begs me not to side with her already too powerful heart. She will do right, as far as in her lies—and God forgive her for the wrong she has unconsciously committed. So I have nothing to say. I can only grieve for you both.

"Mr. Evelyn is anxious that their wedding should take place this coming autumn; and Florence, eager to atone for her sin, (as she regards it) has promised then to become his wife. He *is* a beautiful, fascinating man: I almost wonder that Florence is not as infatuated with him as the rest of the ladies seem to be. I *should* wonder, if I was not the sister of Gerald St. Leger, and did not know how in nobleness of heart, in true chivalry and courage, in indomitable spirit, in almost romantic love of the good and beautiful, in almost fearful strength of passion, he exceeds his dainty rival.

"Dear Gerald, forgive my foolish praises—they come from the heart of a sister whose happiness is blended with yours. I have told you all; for I could not bear that you should think Florence acting in an unprincipled manner. Of course, you could not *really* think so; but it is better for you to know the truth; and now you must act, or abstain from acting, as your own high sense of justice and honor shall suggest."

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

THE DIVISION OF THE EARTH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER,
BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

"Here, take the world!" cried Jove, from out his heaven,
 To mortals—"Be you of this earth the heirs;
Free to your use the heritage is given;
 Brother-like choose the shares."

Then every hand stretched eager in its greed,
 And busy was the work with young and old,
The tiller settled upon glebe and mead,
 The hunter wood and wold.

The merchant grip'd the store and locked the ware—
 The abbot chose the gardens of the vine—
The king barred up the bridge and thoroughfare,
 And cried, "The tolls are mine."

And when the earth was thus divided, came,
 Too late, the poet from afar, to see
That all had proffered, and had seized their claim—
 "And is there nought for me!"

Shall I, thy truest son, be yet of all
 Thy human children portionless alone?
Thus went his cry, and Jove beheld him fall
 Before the heavenly throne.

"If in the land of dreams thou wert abiding,"
 Answered the god, "why murmurest thou at me?
Say, where wert thou when earth they were dividing?"
 The poet said, "By Thee!

"Upon thy glorious aspect dwelt my sight—
 The music of thy heaven enthralled my ear;
Pardon the soul, if, drunken with thy light,
 It lost its portion here."

"Yet," answered Jove, "the world no more is mine—
 Field, chase, and mart are given—no place for thee!
But come at will, since earth thou must resign,
 To heaven—and live with me!"

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES BY FANNY FERN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

A FERN LEAF.

"There is no night there," though spoken of a place the opposite of New York, is nevertheless true of Gotham; for by the time the ennuied pleasure-seekers have yawned out the evening at the theatre or opera, and supped at Taylor's, or danced themselves lame at some private ball, a more humble but much more useful portion of the community are rubbing open their eyelids, and creeping by the waning light of the street lamps, and the gray dawn, to another brave day of ill-requited toil; while in many an attic, by the glimmer of a handful of lighted shavings, tear-stained faces resume the coarse garment left unfinished the night before. At this early hour, too, stunted, prematurely-old little boys may be seen, staggering under the weight of heavy shop window shutters, and young girls, with faded eyes and shawls, crawl to their prisoning workshops; while lean, over-tasked omnibus horses commence anew their never-ceasing, treadmill rounds. God help them all! my heart is with the oppressed, be it man or beast.

The poet says there are "sermons in stones." I endorse it. The most eloquent sermons I ever heard were from "*A. Stone*;" (but that is a theme I am not going to dwell upon now.) I maintain that there are sermons in *horses*.

Crash—crash—crash!

I turned my head. Directly behind me, in Broadway, was a full-freighted omnibus. One of the horses attached had kicked out both his hind legs, snapped the whiffle-tree to the winds, and planting his hoofs into the end window, under the driver's seat, had shivered the glass in countless fragments, into the faces of the astonished passengers, plunging and rearing with the most 76-y spirit. Ladies screamed, and scrambled with what haste they might, out on to the pavement; gentlemen dropped their morning papers, and, uttering angry imprecations as they brushed the glass splinters from their broadcloth, followed them; while the driver cursed and lashed in vain at the infuriated hoofs, which abated not a jot of their fury at all his cursing and lashing.

"Vicious beast!" exclaimed one bystander. "Ought to be shot *instanter!*" said a second. "I'd like to lash his hide raw!" exclaimed a third Nero.

Ah! my good friends, thought I, as I went laughing on my way, not so fast with your anathemas. The cause of that apparently unpropitious and unprovoked attack, *dates a long way back*. Count, if you please, the undeserved lashings, the goadings, and spurrings, that noble creature has borne, while doing a horse's best to please! Think of the scanty feed, the miserable stable, the badly-fitting, irritating harness; the slippery pavements, where he has so often been whipped for stumbling; the melting dog-days, with their stinging bottle-flies and burning sun-rays, when he has plodded wearily up and down those interminable avenues, sweating and panting under the yoke of cruel task-masters.

'Tis the last ounce which breaks the camel's back; 'tis the last atom which balances the undulating scales. Why should that noble horse bear all this? He of the flashing eye, arching neck, and dilating nostril? He of the horny hoof and sinewy limb? *He!*—good for a *score* of his oppressors, if he would only think so!—*Up go his hoofs!* As a Bunker Hill descendant, I cannot call that horse—a jackass.

FANNY FERN.

A LONDON COCKNEY.—This nickname is more than four hundred years old; for when Hugh Bigot added artificial fortifications to his naturally strong castle Bungay, in Suffolk, he gave out this rhyme, therein vaunting it for impregnable:

Were I in my castle of Bungay,
Upon the river of Waveney,
I would ne care for the King of Cockney.

Meaning thereby King Henry II., then quietly possessed of London, whilst some other places did resist him; though afterward he so humbled this Hugh, that he was glad with large sums of money, and pledges for his loyalty, to redeem this his castle from being razed to the ground. I meet with a double sense of this word Cockney: 1. One *coaxed* and *cocquered*, made a wanton or nestle-cock, delicately bred and brought up, so as, when grown up, to be able to endure no hardships. 2. One utterly ignorant of country affairs, of husbandry, and housewifery, as there practiced. The original thereof, and the tale of the citizen's son, who knew not the language of a cock, but called it neighing, is commonly known.

THE SCLAVONIC.—The Sclavonians have their own language, spoken over their whole area with differences of dialect—a language which hasty persons, judging from specimens of it in its modern forms, are apt to regard as one of mingled sneezes and hiccups, but which scholars pronounce to be a very rich language indeed, with all kinds of vocal and grammatical delicacies, and all kinds of literary capabilities.—*Westminster Review.*

Original Novelet.

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER; OR, THE FATAL VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE," "SHANNONDALE," "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE VISION.

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder? —*Shakspeare.*

Winter waned. Mrs. Waugh had attended the Commodore to the South, for the benefit of his health, and they had not yet returned.

Mrs. Morris and Alice were absent on a long visit to a relative in Washington City, and were not expected back for a month. Paul remained in Baltimore, attending the medical lectures.

The house at Dell-Delight was very sad and lonely. The family consisted of only Thurston, Fanny and Miriam.

The spring was coming on—that season, which, from its associations, always aggravated the mental distress of Mr. Willcoxen, now oppressed him with unusual sadness, and day after day he immured himself in his study.

A change had also passed over poor Fanny's malady. She was no longer the quaint, fantastical creature, half-lunatic, half-seeress, singing snatches of wild songs through the house—now here, now there, now everywhere, awaking smiles and merriment in spite of pity, and keeping every one alive about her. Her bodily health had failed, her animal spirits departed, she never sang nor smiled, but sat all day in her eyrie chamber, lost in deep and concentrated study, her face having the care-worn look of one striving to recall the past, to gather up and re-unite the broken links of thought, memory and understanding. She was more pitiable now than formerly, when in the height of her insanity. Her painful pre-occupation, her heavy sighs, the deep, questioning look of her eyes, when she was aroused, would have touched any heart. Thurston, whose kindness increased with her need of it, said that her health would wane as her reason returned.

Yes! the house was very sad and lonely; the *material* atmosphere was overcast, chill and gloomy, the *spiritual* atmosphere still, heavy, oppressed, as foreboding an approaching storm.

Perhaps it was these combined causes that made Miriam peculiarly sensitive to the grief that was weighing upon the spirits of her guardian. Long days and long evenings she sat alone at her work-table, in the old parlor, brooding over the cause of his wretchedness.

One evening, after he had left the sitting-room, looking more miserable than ever, Miriam's distress reached a climax, and she escaped to her own room, threw herself upon the bed, and gave way to a passion of tears—and after they were all shed, she slid down by the bedside upon her knees, and prayed again in her erring, vehement, impatient way, for power to soothe and comfort the sufferer, and cure his grief. And afterwards—call it superstition or fanaticism, if you please, for Miriam was tinged with these—she invoked the spirit of her mother to her aid.

And that night—I know not whether it were the effect of fancy, imagination, or over-excited and exhausted nerves—but she had a strange dream, or vision.

She had retired to bed, and sunk into that deep, dreamless, death-like sleep that follows a fit of stormy grief, when she seemed to be gently awakened by three simultaneous influences—a cool air, coming softly to her face, a white light, shining clearly into her closed eyelids, and a passing strain of music, vanishing airily in the far off ether.

She seemed enchanted, and could not speak or move.

A shadowy white form wavered thrice above her, and a silvery voice, sweet and clear, spoke—

"Miriam," it said, "you have implored the power to free from sorrow yonder unhappy man! That power may be yours—it has a price, pay for it and take it."

"What mean you?" asked the spirit of Miriam from her heart, for her lips, like her eyelids, remained sealed.

"All that you value most—your affections, your happiness, your life, must be pledged for the possession of that power—are you willing to lose these?"

"For his peace I am willing."

"*Perform your vow!*"

"What mean you?"

"It is the only way to give him peace."

"Oh, how, how can I do it?"

"A glimmer of light will soon break into this darkness—watch it, follow it whithersoever it lead you, though it be over the grave of your best beloved, and into your own sepulchre!"

"Stay! stay!" cried the dreamer, as in the vanishing form of her vision she recognized her mother; "stay! oh, stay!" and in the excitement, the spell was dissolved, or the sleeper awoke.

Long time she lay pondering on the strange vision, until a natural sleep overcame her faculties, and she sank once more into forgetfulness.

The next day other events occurred to put the dream out of her mind. She received a letter from Paul, announcing the termination of the winter's course of lectures, the conclusion of the examination of medical candidates, the successful issue of his own trial, in the acquisition of his diploma, and finally his speedy return home.

Miriam's impulsive nature rebounded from all depressing thoughts, and she looked forward with gladness to the arrival of Paul.

He came towards the last of the week.

Mr. Willcoxen, roused for a moment from his sad abstraction, gave the youth a warm welcome.

Miriam received him with a bashful, blushing joy.

He had passed through Washington City on his way home, and had spent a day with Mrs. Morris and her friends, and he had brought away strange news of them.

Alice, he said, had an accepted suitor, and would probably be a bride soon.

A few days after Paul's return, he sought a private interview with his brother. He found Mr. Willcoxen in his study, wrapped in dark sorrow as in a garment.

"How can a man endure such a life year after year?" thought Paul.

But the errand that he had come upon soon engaged his attention. He spoke to his brother, and at the friendly bidding of the latter, he sat down, and then, after much hesitation, and blushing and stammering, the young man managed to make known his wish to marry Miriam.

"You have addressed her upon this subject?" said Mr. Willcoxen.

"No, sir—not literally—though we could not help—I mean no words have passed between us, but we could not fail to know each other's hearts. I love her, sir, and I am sure she—"

Paul arrested himself; he was too modest and respectful to finish his sentence.

"You mean to say that you are sure she would not be indifferent to your suit. I am glad to believe it, Paul."

And the melancholy recluse smiled for the first time in many years.

"Then I have your consent to mention this to Miriam?"

"Yes, Paul. When do you wish this affair to come off?"

"If I have a distinct explanation with Miriam," said practical Paul, "I think I could better bear the inevitable delay. But I do not wish it to be prolonged beyond the time when I shall secure a good practice in this neighborhood."

"And that would be a long time, Paul. Paul, you know it is written that 'the course of true love never did run smooth,' and, Paul, though a poet wrote it, it is sober, prosy, daily truth, as far as my observation informs me.—But, my dear boy, there are very few rules without exceptions, and yours and Miriam's true love shall be the exception to this quoted rule—its course shall run smooth if I have power to remove obstructions—and I think I have. There is no absolute necessity, my dear Paul, that you should wait to marry until you can secure a professional practice here. That time, with even your best efforts, will be distant and uncertain. Miriam will be seventeen in May. Win her consent, wait a year longer until she shall be eighteen, and then marry her, if you please. All that I have is yours and hers. I have no dearer earthly wish than to witness your happiness, and I shall thank God that there remains to me this joy of hastening its completion."

This was said with a smile intended to be cheerful and encouraging, but which was in sober truth, so sad that the sight of it, together with the thought of his brother's generosity, brought the tears rushing to Paul's eyes, and he hastened to say,

"Dearest brother Thurston, do not speak so—do not think so. Can you believe me so ungrateful and unjust as to consent to profit by your renunciation of all sweet domestic ties? No, brother, no! I must win an independence for myself and Miriam, *before* we marry. We must not marry and then hang upon you for a support. Living under the same brother's roof now, having as much as we please of each other's society, we can very well afford to wait a few years. We must not burden you, dearest and best of brothers—brother and father as you have been to us both. You yourself are young yet—scarcely thirty—and very handsome and gifted in many ways; you know I speak only truth. And you may meet some lady worthy of your heart, and you may marry—indeed I wish you would, brother. Heaven knows I desire—even more than the hastening of my own union with Miriam, which is sure to take place some day—to see you happy—and happily married, enjoying yourself, and taking your comfort in the bosom of your own family."

"Nonsense, Paul," said Thurston, struggling to repress some rising emotion, "It is not every man who has the gift of being a good *pater familias*. I am confirmed in my bachelor habits; perhaps also I believe in the celibacy of the clergy. Therefore be content to allow me to live as I please, and I shall be satisfied in witnessing your own and Miriam's happiness. Besides, my dear boy, if I do not dower you, your head will be gray, and your Miriam's face faded ere you get a remunerating practice in *this* neighborhood."

"Not so, sir. I hope soon to get a practice in the face of all competition, even *here*—because you must know"—he added with a proud ingenuous blush—"I have a system—"

"Oh, yes, I *know* you have a system, Paul. All young ingenuous practitioners always have a system which is intended to revolutionize science, and make their own everlasting fame and fortune. But, my dear Paul, they generally find the *new* system does not work well—and after years of lost time, and lost confidence, fall back upon the *old* system. Go and consult with Miriam, Paul, and then we will finish the controversy."

But Paul had now forgotten the reserve that he usually maintained towards his brother, and instead of leaving Thurston, he drew nearer to him, and took that long, thin, pale hand within his own, and pressing it affectionately, said,

"Dearest Thurston, we are brothers—one mother loved us both. If we cannot confide in each other—if you cannot trust in *me*, in whom *can* you put faith? Dearest brother, I know that some sorrow lies heavy at your heart. Will you not impart it to me? A divided sorrow loses half its bitterness. Will *you* not share yours with me? If its nature requires secrecy, I will keep the secret so that torture should not wring it from me!"

During this little speech, Thurston had become very much agitated. At last he arose, and turning away, said,

"Paul! Paul! You are my mother's child, and therefore I have borne this—from no other under Heaven would I have borne it! A man's sorrows are his own. Mine will not brook observation, still less interference. Never speak to me again upon this subject!"

Paul regarded him with mournful eyes.

"Go, boy—go!" said Thurston, in a gentler tone. "Go, and if you wish to give me a pleasurable feeling, win Miriam's consent to become your bride, and let me know when you are betrothed!"

Paul went to him once more, took and pressed his hand, and then left the study, and went to seek Miriam.

He found her in the old wainscoted parlor seated by the fire. She appeared to be in deep and painful thought. Her elbow rested on the circular work-table, her head was bowed upon her hand, and her face was concealed by the drooping black ringlets.

"What is the matter, dear sister?" he asked, in that tender, familiar tone, with which he sometimes spoke to her.

"Oh, Paul, I am thinking of our brother! Can nothing sooth or cheer him, Paul? Can nothing help him? Can we do him no good at all? Oh, Paul! I brood so much over his trouble!—I long so much to comfort him, that I do believe it is beginning to affect my reason, and make me 'see visions and dream dreams.' Tell me—do you think anything can be done for him?"

"Ah, I do not know! I have just left his study, dear Miriam, where I have had a long and serious conversation with him."

"And what was it about? May I know?"

"You must know, dearest Miriam, it concerned yourself and—me!" said Paul, and he took a seat by her side, and commenced and told her all that had passed during his interview with Thurston in the library.

Miriam replied,

"Paul, there is one secret that I have never imparted to you—not that I wished to keep it from you, but that nothing has occurred to call it out—"

She paused, while Paul regarded her in much curiosity.

"What is it, Miriam?" he at last inquired.

"I promised my dying mother, and sealed the promise with an oath, never to be a bride until I shall have been—"

"What, Miriam?"

"An avenger of blood!"

"MIRIAM!"

It was all he said, and then he remained gazing at her, as if he doubted her perfect sanity.

"I am not mad, dear Paul, though you look as if you thought so."

"Explain yourself, dear Miriam."

"I am going to do so. You remember Marian Mayfield?" she said, her face beginning to quiver with emotion.

"Yes! yes! well?"

"You remember the time and manner of her death?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Oh! Paul, that stormy night death fell like scattering lightning, and struck three places at once! But, oh! Paul, such was the consternation and grief excited by the discovery of Marian's assassination, that the two other sudden deaths passed almost unnoticed, except by the respective families of the deceased. Child, as I then was, Paul, I think it was the tremendous shock of her sudden and dreadful death, that threw me entirely out of my centre, so that I have been erratic ever since. She was more than a mother to me, Paul; and if I had been born hers, I could not have loved her better—I loved her beyond all things in life. In my dispassionate, reflective moments, I am inclined to believe that I have never been quite right since the loss of Marian. Not but that I am reconciled to it—knowing that she must be happy—only, Paul, I often feel that something is wrong here and here," said Miriam, placing her hand upon her forehead and upon her heart.

"But your promise, Miriam—your promise," questioned Paul, with increased anxiety.

"Aye true! Well, Paul, I promised to devote my whole life to the pursuit and apprehension of her murderer; and never to give room in my bosom to any thought of love or marriage, until that murderer should hang from a gallows; and I sealed that promise with a solemn oath."

"That was all very strange, dear Miriam."

"Paul, yes it was—and it weighs upon me like lead. Paul, if two things could be lifted off my heart, I should be happy. I should be happy as a freed bird."

"And what are they, dear Miriam? What weights are they, that I have not power to lift from your heart?"

"Surely you may surmise—the first is our brother's sadness that oppresses my spirits all the time; the second is the memory of that unaccomplished vow; so equally do these two anxieties divide my thoughts, that they seem connected—seem to be parts of the same responsibility—and I even dreamed that the one could be accomplished only with the other."

"How, dear Miriam? I do not understand you."

"I dreamed that my mother appeared to me, and said that I could only restore my brother to happiness, by the vigorous accomplishment of my vow."

"Dearest Miriam, let me assure you, as physician as well as friend, that such dreams and visions are but the effect of your isolated life—they come from an over-heated brain and over-strained nerves. You must not place foolish confidence in them. And you must consent to throw off those self-imposed weights, and be happy and joyous, as a young creature should."

"Alas, *how* can I throw them off, dear Paul?"

"In this way—first for my brother's life-long sorrow, since you can neither cure nor alleviate it, turn your thoughts away from it. As for your *vow*, two circumstances combine to absolve you from it; the first is this—that you were an irresponsible infant, when you were required to make it—the second is, that it is impossible to perform it; these two considerations fairly release you from its obligations. Look upon these matters in this rational light, and all your dark and morbid dreams and visions will disappear; and we shall have you joyous as any young bird sure enough. And I assure you, that your cheerfulness will be one of the very best medicines for our brother. Will you follow my advice?"

"No, no, Paul! I cannot follow it in either instance! I cannot, Paul! it is impossible! I cannot steel my heart against sympathy with *his* sorrows, nor can I so ignore the requirements of my solemn vow. I do not by any means think its accomplishment an impossibility, nor was it in ignorance of its nature that I made it. No, Paul! I know what I promised, and I know that its performance is possible. Therefore I cannot *feel* absolved! I must accomplish my work; and you, Paul, if you love me, must help me to do it."

"I would serve you with my life, Miriam, in anything reasonable and possible. But how *can* I help you? How can you discharge such an obligation? You have not even a clue!"

"Yes, I *have* a clue, Paul."

"You have? What is it? Why have you never spoken of it before?"

"Because of its seeming unimportance. The clue is so slight, that it would be considered none at all, by others, less interested than myself."

"What is it, then? at least allow me the privilege of knowing, and judging of its importance."

"I am about to do so," said Miriam, and she commenced, and told him all she knew, and also all she suspected of the circumstances that preceded the assassination on the beach. In conclusion, she informed him of the letters in her possession.

"And where are now those letters, Miriam? What are they like? What is their purport? It seems to me that they would not only give a hint, but afford direct evidence against that demoniac assassin. And it seems strange to me that they were not examined, with a view to that end."

"Paul, they were; but they did not point out the writer, even. There was a note among them—a note soliciting a meeting with Marian, upon the very evening, and upon the very spot when and where the murder was committed! But that note contains nothing to indicate the identity of its author. There are, besides, a number of foreign letters written in French, and signed 'Thomas Trueman,' no French name, by-the-bye, a circumstance which leads me to believe that it must have been an assumed one."

"And those letters give no indication of the writer, either?"

"I am not sufficiently acquainted with that language to read it in manuscript, which you know is much more difficult than *print*. But I presume they point to nothing definitely, for my dear mother showed them to Mr. Willcoxen, who took the greatest interest in the discovery of the murderer, and he told her—nay—*assured her in the most emphatic manner*, that those letters afforded not the slightest clue to the perpetrator of the crime, and that whoever might have been the assassin, it certainly could not have been the author of those letters. He wished to take them with him, but mother declined to give them up, she thought it would be disrespect to Marian's memory to give her private correspondence up to a stranger, and so she told him. He then said that of all men, certainly, he had the least right to claim them, and so the matter rested. But mother always believed they held the key to the discovery of the guilty party, and afterward she left them to me, with the charge that I should never suffer them to pass from my possession until they had fulfilled their destiny of witnessing against the murderer—for whatever Mr. Willcoxen might think, mother felt convinced that the writer of those letters and the murderer of Marian was the same person."

"Tell me more about those letters."

"Dear Paul, I know nothing more about them; I told you that I was not sufficiently familiar with the French language to read them."

"But it is strange that you never made yourself acquainted with their contents by getting some one else to read them for you."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MARCH [illegible]

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, - - - - -	$5,00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	10,00	"
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	15,00	"
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	20,00	"

Persons residing in *British North America* must remit *twenty-five cents* in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

The papers to Clubs are invariably stopped at the expiration of the period for which they have subscribed.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust that such of our old friends the Post-Masters, as do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to raise clubs, &c.

THE COMING YEAR.

We may state, for the benefit of strangers who chance to see this number of the Post, that we design making our coming volume one of the most attractive that ever issued from the press. In our THIRTY-FOURTH year, and with between 80,000 and 90,000 subscribers, we feel determined not to be excelled by any contemporary.

The cost of the Novelets, &c., already engaged—the cost not of their copy-rights, but *merely of the privilege of first publication*—amounts to the sum of over

THIRTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS.

We have engaged the very first talent that could be secured—witness the names of MRS. SOUTHWORTH, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. DENISON, MARY IRVING, ELIZA L. SPROAT, ALICE CAREY, METTA VICTORIA FULLER, FANNY FERN, and a NEW CONTRIBUTOR, (whose name by request is withheld.) *Mrs. Southworth will write for no other paper.* And Grace Greenwood for no other, with the exception of her own admirably conducted "Little Pilgrim."

We design commencing in a short time an original Novelet, intended to illustrate incidentally the great Evils of Intemperance, entitled

THE FALLS OF THE WYALUSING,

THE ONEIDA SISTERS,

THE NABOB'S WILL.

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES, By FANNY FERN.

MARK, THE SEXTON,

NANCY SELWYN;

VIVIA; A STORY OF LIFE'S MYSTERY.

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

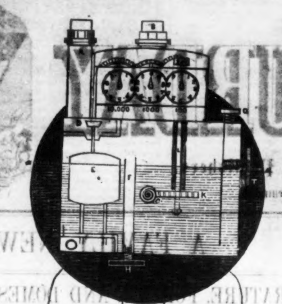
... school-houses, to see how matters stand. No community which prizes according to its merits, a good system of common schools, will long tolerate the existence of the miserable low-roofed, ill-ventilated, and untidy structures squatted about here and there in odd corners that cannot be otherwise occupied, such as one sees everywhere in Pennsylvania, under the name of district school-houses. The man who appreciates truly the value of common school education, knows that it, like everything else, to be made generally useful must be rendered attractive.

No one who credits the truth of the statement quoted above, can doubt, for a moment, that the [illegible] in the region described, has been of the most wretched character, failing entirely of attaining the object for which our common school system was established, viz.: the diffusion of useful knowledge and the enlargement of the faculties. And we repeat it, those who will put themselves to the trouble of looking a little more deeply into the matter, will find ground for very general complaint in the premises. We may recur to this subject again.

THE SPEECH OF MR. CASS

We were somewhat surprised recently, to see that Mr. Cass, of Michigan, had been making a long speech in the Senate, relative to England and France, the Eastern question, and Cuba. What called forth such a manifestation at this particular time, it seemed difficult to understand. No resolution was before the Senate, bearing the most remotely upon the subjects referred to. Mr. Cass himself had no theoretical principle, or practical measure, for which he desired the endorsement of the high legislative body to which he belongs. It seemed merely a speech for the sake of making a speech, or for political effect outside the halls of Congress.

To be sure, a report was wide spread at the time that a large and unlawful warlike expedition either had sailed, or was about to sail, with the purpose of invading a coveted possession belonging to a power with which the Union is at peace. And it might seem to the suspicious that the speech was timed with some relation to this fact—that a degree of animosity against certain European powers might be kindled, which would sympathise with every fair or unfair attempt to deprive them of their possessions ...



THE MANAGEMENT OF GAS.

As the use of gas has now become so very common in American cities, and even in the small towns, we have thought that a brief description of the meter or measure, so far as is needful to the householder, would be of benefit to a large number of our readers.

The above engraving, showing the internal construction of the meter, does *not* illustrate the mode in which the gas is measured—and therefore we may simply state that this is done by the flowing of the gas through the chambers of a four threaded Archimedean screw.

The only point of importance to our readers in this connection, is that the chambers should be of the proper size. We know not whether gas meters are subjected to a test, by the "clerk of weights and measures" before gas companies are allowed to use them; but if such be not the case, the law ought certainly to require it. No company should have the right to measure out gas to consumers, except by means of a meter regularly stamped as correct by some competent and authorized person.

Even, however, if the meter be perfectly correct in itself—it may be made to measure unfairly. In the first place, if it stand not perfectly level, it will not register correctly. If it tilt outward it will register against, and if inward, in favor of the company. In the second place, much more depends upon the quantity of water which is put into the meter. The line *a a* in the above cut, denotes the true water level in a properly manufactured meter ... register on the meter. It is not often, however, that gas companies will cheat *themselves.*

Occasionally it happens that the gas-lights in a store or dwelling, will begin to flicker of an evening—growing worse with time, until one might think the meter was going into spasms. In such a case, let the consumer descend to his cellar—*being careful to put out his light if there be much smell of gas.* If the gas seems to be escaping, let him make his way *without a light* to the meter, and stop off the main cock at once, and thus prevent any further inflow from the street. Then he is safe at least for that time; and the gas company should be called upon as soon as possible to investigate the matter.

If, however, there is no smell of gas in the cellar, it is probable that the spasms result from one of two causes. If it is cold weather the water may have frozen; or the water may have escaped by evaporation or leakage sufficiently to prevent the meter from working in a regular manner.

If there is reason to believe that the meter is frozen,—and it will do no harm if it is not—lay some thick cloths over and around the meter, and pour hot water upon them. The cloths will prevent the heat from being dissipated as soon as it would otherwise be.

If, however, the thawing does not remedy the difficulty—and it may be that instead of the spasms, the gas may refuse to flow at all in the ... [illegible]

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

[illegible]

EMPLOYMENT.

[illegible]

Our Correspondents

BORROWERS.

[illegible]

New Publications.

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

[illegible]

Clippings.

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1855.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS. SECOND SESSION.

SENATE.

In the Senate on the 19th, a joint resolution was passed to settle the account of the late Governor Burt, of Nebraska.

No business of importance was transacted.

On the 20th Mr. Cass made a long speech in reference to the declaration of Lord Clarendon that "a good understanding" existed between England and France, endeavoring to give the declaration an interpretation hostile to the United States.

On the 21st, Mr. Rusk from the Committee of Conference on the disagreement of the two Houses on the Texas Creditors Bill, reported that the Committee had agreed upon an appropriation of $7,750,000 as a compromise.

After considerable discussion of this bill the Senate adjourned.

On the 22nd, Mr. Chase presented several petitions from citizens of New York in favor of the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Act and the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, the prohibition thereof in territories, &c.

The Senate refused to receive them by a vote of 29 to 12.

The Senate then, on motion of Mr. Hunter, resumed the consideration of the Invalid Pension Bill, reported from the Committee on Finance with the recommendation that the Senate concur in the House amendment to the amendments of the Senate.

Mr. Hamlin hoped the Senate would not concur in the report of the Committee on Finance, but insist upon its former amendments.

The amendments of the House was then concurred in—yeas 29, nays 19. So the bill passed.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of the bill to provide for the final settlement of the claims of the Revolutionary army, and of the widows and orphan children of those who died in the service.

The bill was amended, verbally, and passed—yeas 26, nays 15.

The House Bill, authorizing the purchase or construction of four additional Revenue Cutters, was then considered and passed.

The bill providing for holding United States Courts in the Northern and Southern Districts of Florida, in case of the sickness or disability of either of the Judges of those Districts, was considered and passed. Adjourned.

On the 23rd, the Senate took up the bill to protect officers and other persons acting under the authority of the United States.

The bill provides that if a suit be commenced in any State Court against any officer of the United States, or other person, for any act done under the law or color of the law of the United States, the defendant may remove such suit to the United States Court sitting in that Circuit, or if no Circuit Court, then in the District Court clothed with Circuit powers.

This bill elicited a long and very spirited debate, the Free Soil members seeing in it an effort to procure the sanction of Congress to the Fugitive Slave Law, Mr. Douglas and his adherents advocating it on the ground that that enactment provided for nothing not contemplated in the Constitution of the United States.

Soon after the conclusion of this debate, the Senate adjourned.

On the 24th, the Chair laid before the Senate a message from the President, accompanied by a letter from the Minister from Peru, respecting the Lobos Islands controversy, which was read, and on motion of Mr. Mason, ordered to be printed.

The Diplomatic and Consular Bill was further discussed, but not definitely disposed of.

The bill giving additional municipal powers to the city of Washington was slightly amended on motion of Mr. Brown, and passed.

Mr. Seward introduced a bill amending the judicial system, so that a subsequent term of a Federal Court can complete the unfinished business of the preceding term, without a "de novo" examination of the case. Passed.

Mr. Slidell moved to take up the bill fortifying a landing in Louisiana, appropriating therefor $125,000. Passed. Adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 20th, the House took up and passed the bill amendatory of the graduation law of the last session, providing that the affidavits of persons entering lands may be made before any properly authorized officer, under such regulations as the Secretary of the Interior may prescribe, without, as now, requiring them to go to the Land Office for that purpose.

After some discussion of the Civil and Diplomatic Bill, ...

General News.

ARRIVAL OF THE BALTIC.

The steamship City of Manchester arrived at Liverpool on the 5th, and was taken up by the Government to convey troops to the Crimea.

The most important piece of intelligence is the formation of a New Ministry, composed as follows:

Premier—Lord Palmerston. War—Lord Panmure, formerly Fox Maule. Foreign—Earl Clarendon. Home—Sydney Herbert. Colonial—Sir George Grey. Exchequer—W. Gladstone. Admiralty—Sir James Grahame.—Chancellor—Lord Cranworth. President of the Council—Earl Granville. Privy Seal—Duke of Argyle. Public Works—Sir W. Molesworth. President of the Board of Control—Sir Charles Wood. Postmaster General—Lord Canning. Without Office—Marquis Landsdowne.

The above form the Cabinet. Lord Aberdeen, the Duke of Newcastle, and Sir John Russell go out. Lord Panmure comes in, and the balance are the same as the last Ministry.

In the efforts to reconstruct the British Ministry, the Queen had in turn sent for the Earl of Derby, Lord Landsdowne, Sir John Russell, and the Earl of Clarendon. All, however, failed to accomplish the object, when Lord Palmerston was sent for, and succeeded.

In the Parliament statements were made by each of the statesmen failing to form a Cabinet.

Nearly £3,000,000 have been voted for war purposes.

The North American Fisheries Bill passed.

Parliament adjourned for a week at the request of the new Premier, and was to reassemble on the 15th.

Earl Aberdeen has been created a Knight of the Garter.

The Lord Mayor of London gave a grand banquet, and among those present were Lord Cardigan, Sir Charles Napier, and other notables from the Crimea, who were received with enthusiasm. Sir Charles Napier defended his conduct, and bitterly attacked the Administration.

In the House of Commons, on the night of the 9th, a discussion occurred with regard to Sir Charles Napier's transactions in the Baltic. No new light has been thrown upon the subject.

Queen Victoria has issued a proclamation forbidding the British, at home or abroad, aiding the enemy by supplying them with munitions of war.

It is said the Emperor of France will take command of the army of operations on the Rhine.

Prince Napoleon had arrived in Paris.

Both Holland and Denmark are seeking to join the Western Alliance.

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.—Affairs before Sebastopol remain unchanged.

It is reported that a battle has taken place on the Danube between the Russians and Turks, in which the latter were victorious.

A report prevails that a mutiny has occurred among the French Zouaves in the Crimea, and four hundred have been sent prisoners to Constantinople.

Supplies are reaching the British camp in abundance. The siege works are advancing, but the army continues sickly.

There had been frosty nights, but fine mild weather during the days.

The latest official despatches from Lord Raglan are dated the 23d and 24th ult. Both allude to the improvement in the weather, and speak cheeringly of the future prospects. The letter says—"We resume our work before the town with renewed activity."

Telegraphic despatches to the 30th of January have been received, and are of a like character with regard to the weather and the prospects of the siege.

A despatch from Admiral Bruat says that the French batteries have received orders to re-open their fire, and for some days the Russians have ceased making sorties.

It is said that the operations for the assault have been completed.

The Russian army is reported to be in want of supplies.

An apology had been made to Omar Pasha, and he has withdrawn his resignation.

Earl of Lucan has been recalled from the command of the cavalry in the Crimea.

The Russian forces on the frontier of Austria have been ordered to retreat to the interior.

The report of the mutiny of the Zouaves is repeated, as well as the rumor of the battle on the Danube between the Turks and Russians.

In the German Diet it was decided to place the principal contingent forces upon a war footing.

The Piedmontese Chamber of Deputies have sanctioned the Treaty of Alliance.

The Sultan intends to raise a national voluntary loan.

Exchange in Constantinople has risen to 14 piastres, causing considerable distress.

Abd-el-Kader has asked for the command of the African troops in the Crimea.

The following extract from a private letter, written by a French officer, draws a gloomy picture of the British camp:

"The English army is no longer an army. It only bears the name. Of the 56,000 men which the British Government sent to the East, there remains at this moment not more than from 10,000 to 11,000, and even these are not all able to carry arms. I must add that there are, moreover, about 10,000 in the hospitals of Constantinople, and 1,000 in the ambulances at Balaklava; the remainder are gone to their long home—a sad result of the two principal vices in the English army—the officers, with few exceptions, have forgotten how to conduct a campaign, and the administration for the supply of provisions is absolutely null. Several transports had been laden at Venice and Trieste with planks for constructing wooden huts for the troops. When they arrived at Balaklava the English had no horses to carry them to the camp.

"The timber lay in the mud until the snow fell, when the soldiers burned it to warm themselves. The following is the result of the neglected state of the English army. The French have nearly completed their siege works; their trenches have been carried to within a few yards of the walls of the town. The English, on the contrary, are far behind, and a few days since their General informed General Canrobert that his effective force was not sufficient to continue their works. Some days previously the French had been compelled to occupy the batteries erected by the English at their extreme right, which command the mouth of the Tchernaya and the high road to Simpheropol, which they were no longer able to defend. Gen. Canrobert has given orders to the third division to continue the English trenches."

The French soldiers blame the special correspondents of the English newspapers for more than half the losses they have sustained during the operations before Sebastopol. They call them assassins, and say they would shoot them or chase them from the camp. As an instance of the mischief caused by the publication of statements made in newspaper correspondent's letters, it was said that a masked battery had been prepared which would have enabled a destructive fire to be opened upon the Twelve Apostles ship of war, in the harbor of Sebastopol ...

NEWS ITEMS.

"SAILOR'S HOME" IN HONOLULU.—One of the last acts of King Kamehameha III., was to sanction a resolution of his privy council, granting a valuable lot of land in Honolulu for a "Sailor's Home." There has been raised $1,800 towards the $5,000 required to erect the building.

YOUNG AMERICA.—A lad named William Waterman, a scholar in the District School at St. Johnsbury, Centre, (Vt.) was, a few days since, fined $20, for attempting, by choking his teacher, to prevent him from punishing another pupil.

AMERICAN PUPILS.—There are now in the College of Music, Leipsig, five American pupils—a young lady from Baltimore, two young men from New York, one from Boston, and one from Springfield. Goldschmidt, the husband of Jenny Lind, was a pupil at this College.

VALUABLE TIME-PIECE.—A clock is on exhibition at New Orleans, which, it is said, tells the time in London, Paris, New York, New Orleans, Mexico and San Francisco.

LETTER BAG FOUND.—The letter bag of the ill-fated ship Staffordshire, which was lost in December, 1853, was recently found on the beach at Sable Island. It contains the ship's papers, her register, bills of lading, &c.

TIMELY GENEROSITY.—Edward D. Hobbs, Esq., of Jefferson county, Ky., has presented the Relief and Employment Association of Louisville, with 100 cords of wood for the poor of that city, and two railroads bring it in without charge.

ACCIDENTAL POISONING.—The mother of Mr. Albert G. Barker, residing in Boston, Mass., died last Wednesday week, from having taken some tea made from thorn apple, instead of thoroughwort. Mr. Barker, who had drunk some of the decoction, was with difficulty preserved.

COLD PLACE.—The coldest spot yet heard from is West Randolph, Vt., where the mercury has indicated the extreme cold of 45 degrees below 0. Spirit thermometers are used in that region, as mercury becomes solid at 40 degrees below zero, in Fahrenheit's scale.

POLITICS AND CHARITY—SELDOM CO-EXISTENT.—It is rather a singular fact, that among the varieties of parties that have ruled in Massachusetts, within the last ten years, none have been found to wipe from their statute book the disgraceful law of imprisonment for debt.

MUNIFICENT BEQUEST.—The late President of Magdalen College, Oxford, (England) who died recently, in the 100th year of his age, has left, by his will, his library, comprehending twenty thousand volumes, to the University of Durham.

EMIGRATION TO KANSAS.—The Boston Courier says there are now nearly two thousand persons preparing to remove to Kansas in the spring, under the guidance of the Emigrant Aid Society, the greater portion of whom belong to bands or companies of neighbors or townsmen.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—According to a French paper, M. Ray, Jr., a watchmaker, at Sainte Austreberthe, has discovered a means of repairing the bells of churches, when cracked, without the tedious process of re-casting them. The operation is said to be very simple, and does not necessitate the removal of the bell from its place.

A CONSIDERATE SISTER.—At a revival, not long since, an old lady prayed fervently "for the young lambs of the flock." A "lady in black," not to be outdone by sister Walton, responded, and blandly asked who was to pray for "the old ewes?" This set the congregation in a roar.

COLD WEATHER IN OHIO.—The Dayton (O.) Journal tells the following:—We don't intend to brag about our cold weather, but we never recollect hearing of an instance in which a man's eye was frozen shut, except that to which we now refer. The driver of a sleigh, coming from Jamestown to Xenia, exhibited to his passengers an icicle about as large as a buckshot, pendant from the upper lid of his right eye. The eye was entirely closed—literally frozen shut. His left eye was chilled, so that it was with difficulty that he kept the lids in motion. A raw wind was blowing, and the passengers in the sleigh kept their faces covered.

POPE'S BULL.—The Paris Univers gives the Latin text, and a translation of the Apostolic Letter of the Pope relative to the definition of the immaculate conception. The whole takes up upwards of eleven columns of the journal.

TWO CROPS A YEAR.—Mr. De Leon, of South Carolina, United States Consul in Egypt, has addressed a letter to Dr. Gibbes, of Columbia, S. C., covering a proposal of an Italian, named Lattis, who is engaged in agricultural pursuits in Egypt, to reveal to the people of the United States a discovery he has made by which two crops of rice can be grown in a single season, and with a great saving in the expense of irrigation. The method is said to be very simple, and he thinks it may apply with equal advantage to other grains besides rice.

SENDING THE UNEMPLOYED TO THE COUNTRY.—Yesterday, fifty men were sent to Schuylkill county, Pa., by the American and Foreign Emigrant Protection and Employment Society, besides a number of others, within the past few days, to other sections. Orders for large numbers are on hand, and pressing applications are made by persons out of employment, but the want of funds limits the Society's usefulness in this way. The Camden and Amboy Railroad Company have generously made a reduction on the fare of the Society's beneficiaries ...

SLATE QUARRY IN VIRGINIA.—A quarry of green and purple slate has been opened in Albemarle county, Va. It is said that several Welsh quarriers give it as their decided belief, that this slate is the purest they have ever seen in America, and only equalled by the slate obtained from the old quarry in North Wales.

LOUISVILLE HOG TRADE.—The Louisville Journal has a statement of the number of hogs slaughtered there during the late season, from which it appears that the deficiency in the number packed is 123,987—in the aggregate weight 34,640,809 pounds; in barrel mess pork, 59,777 barrels, and in lard (of all qualities,) 6,931,788 pounds.

"The City of Council Bluffs," says the Bugle of the 6th inst., the most important city west of the Mississippi River, is located within three miles of the Missouri, directly opposite Omaha city, in Nebraska. It is the county-seat of Pottawattamie county, Iowa, and now contains about 2,500 inhabitants. It is a sparsely-built incorporated city, contains two churches, three schools, ten stores, six doctors, twelve lawyers, and mechanics and artists to match. Lots in the city rate from $100 to $1,000 each, and improved farms in the neighborhood from five to ten dollars per acre, including timber.

DEATH ON A SLEIGH-RIDE.—On Tuesday week, as a family were out sleighing near Newburyport, Massachusetts, an infant was smothered in its mother's arms, by being too closely wrapped up.

INTERESTING TO MUSICIANS.—A life of Beethoven is about to be issued in New York, written by an American scholar, who has been five years in Germany, collecting particulars of the public and private life of this eminent man.

NO SCARCITY OF PROGENITORS.—In Hartford, Conn., lately, at the door of a citizen, a very little boy begged very piteously for something to eat, and in a mournful tone of voice, said, "his parents were dead, and his father couldn't get any work, and his mother was very sick, indeed."

HEIGHT OF WATER IN LAKE ONTARIO.—According to Capt. Malcom's Government Record, kept at Oswego, N. Y., the water in Lake Ontario is 3 feet 7 inches lower than it was on the 1st of June last, and as low within 9 inches as has ever been known, or that there is record of.

ANOTHER ENGLISH OFFICER FROZEN TO DEATH.—The last advices from the Crimea state that Brevet Major McDonald, of the 88th Regiment, was frozen to death in the trenches before Sebastopol.

Mr. Maywood, the actor, formerly Manager of the Chesnut Street Theatre, is an inmate of the Lunatic Asylum in New York. A correspondent of the Mirror, who communicates the fact, says:

"It appears that Mr. Maywood had but lately arrived from Trieste, Austria, where he has been living in great affluence with his daughter, Miss Augusta Maywood, a danseuse of some celebrity in Italy and Germany. It is said she has a villa on Lake Como, worth half a million of dollars.

ON A TEMPERANCE FOUNDATION.—The Detroit (Mich.) Advertiser says, "The last device of the rum sellers which has come to light, is the establishment of a drinking stand on the ice midway across the Detroit river. Standing so near the boundary, the Prohibitory Law may never close it, but it will be pretty sure to move "in the spring."

ARTIFICIAL FISH BREEDING.—The French Minister of Agriculture, Commerce and Public Works, lately paid a visit to the College of France, to examine the apparatus for hatching fish established by M. Coste. He found 250,000 recently hatched fish, 150,000 of which had just been brought up from the establishment of Huningues. All this large number was conveyed to Paris at the same time, and with a scarcely perceptible loss. It consists of common trout, trout from the Lakes, salmon from the Rhine, and trout from the Swiss Lakes.

THE "BELLOWS-PIPE OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS."—On one of the mountain roads in Mendon, Rutland county, Vermont, there is a spot which, on account of a strong current of air which is almost perpetually in motion there, is called the "Bellows-Pipe of the Green Mountains." The Woodstock Mercury says that as the stage from Rutland was passing through this place on the 28th ult., the wind was so violent that the body of the vehicle was blown from the wheels, and could only be kept on the axeltrees by being chained down. One woman was blown into an adjoining field, and five men lost their hats in rescuing her. Locomotion was impracticable, and the wayfarers were obliged to put up for the night in a neighboring house, which weathered the tornado without damage.—Boston Weekly Journal.

A TEMPERANCE SOLDIER.—"I have not slept one night in bed," says a soldier writing from the Crimea, "but mostly on the ground, or on the deck of a ship; still I am as well as ever—I owe it to not drinking. Those who drink most are most subject to illness, and the most of the men who died were hard drinkers. Teetotalism is the best plan here."

Letters have been sent from New York to individuals in various parts of the country, signed Ferdinand Feuchtwanger, Agent of the Post-Office at New York, calling for $2 for the payment of charges on valuable packages, which will, on such payment, be forwarded to the proper address. The whole thing is said to be a base swindle.

They must have a motley set of people up in Wisconsin ...

FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steamship George Law arrived at New York, on the 25th, bringing dates from San Francisco up to the 1st ult., and $1,170,549 in gold.

The Panama Railroad is in full operation, and was to be publicly inaugurated, with civic and military ceremonies, on the 20th ult.

The Senatorial question remains in statu quo. Thirty-eight ballots had been taken without materially changing the result.

The Legislature had passed the bill appropriating $1,000 to each member. Gov. Bigler refused his sanction to the bill, when it was passed by the Assembly in spite of the veto—the vote being 55 to 21.

The California papers teem with more than the average quantity of crime.

On the 27th of January, the steamer Pearl, on her trip from Marysville to Sacramento, blew up, with a frightful explosion, just as she was reaching her landing at the latter city.—From thirty-five to fifty persons were killed, among them several Chinamen.

Names of Persons Killed.—Col. Alexander Anderson, of Nevada, a native of Va., aged 50; Edward C. Davis, Captain, Maine, aged 38; Samuel Randall, mate, aged 40; T. V. Mount, Ohio, aged 30; James McBride, aged 28; J. G. Boyden, violinist, Marysville, aged about 28; Francis Fluker, tinman, formerly of this city; G. A. Schultz, fruiterer, Marysville; Jesse James, formerly of Diamond Springs; W. O. Conner, Justice of the Peace at Long Bar, Yuba county, formerly of Lansingburg, N. Y., a native of Ireland; John A. Clouse, formerly of Jasper county, Ia.; B. Risano, fruiterer, San Francisco; John Miller; James Kavanaugh, late of New Orleans, a native of Queen's county, Ireland; Geo. A. Wellington, late of New Orleans; James McClure, merchant, Mud Springs; F. C. Kenton, Shasta; David Littlefield, deck-hand, Mississippi; Chas. Jewell, fireman, Kennebec, Maine; Darby Carroll; E. R. Jewett, San Francisco, of the firm of Larrabee & Jewett, shoe dealers; — Novell, renovater by trade; — Donchell; — Harvey, Frenchman or Italian; Michael Riley, deck-hand; colored man, cook of boat; Paul Drascovitch, Poland; George Dubstart; — Cohen, pedlar.

There are four other white men, whose names are unknown.

General Jose Trades Monagas has been proclaimed President of Venezuela by the Congress.

POLITICAL NEWS.

INDIANA SENATOR.—The Legislature of Indiana voted on the 22nd ult., for a U. S. Senator, for six years from the 4th of March next, in place of Hon. John Pettit. The Senate elected Isaac Blackford. The House amended, by inserting the name of the Hon. Joseph G. Marshall. The Senate refused to concur in the amendment. Great excitement prevails, and there is little prospect of a compromise.

CHANGE IN THE CONSTITUTION.—The Massachusetts House of Representatives have agreed to submit to a vote of the people propositions to amend the State Constitution so that all the State officers and representatives shall be elected by a plurality of votes.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 26, 1855.

REMARKS.—There has been rather more activity in the market during the past week. The river and bay are now clear of ice, and a large number of vessels, which were detained below, have arrived up. Bark is scarce and wanted. Breadstuffs have been dull. Supplies come forward very slowly, but the demand has been quite limited, and prices of Flour, Wheat and Corn have declined. Coal is in steady demand for home consumption, but there is very little demand for shipment, and but few cargoes going forward. Coffee has been arriving more freely, and there is a better feeling in the market. Sugar and Molasses have been in fair demand, without change in prices. In Fish no change. In Fruit there has been more doing. Hemp and Hides are quiet, owing to the want of stocks to operate in. Iron is in rather better demand, but the transactions have been limited. Lead is scarce. In Lumber we notice considerable contracts for future delivery. Naval Stores are in fair request at former rates. Oils are in steady demand from store. Provisions are held firmly, but the want of supplies has restricted operations. Rice is firmer. In Cloverseed there has been more doing. Tobacco is held firmly. Wool is very quiet.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts and transactions of Flour during the past week have slightly increased.—The market has been dull, and the demand being limited, both for export and home consumption, prices have receded 12½a25c per bbl. Sales of 7,500 bbls mixed and fair brands for shipment at $8,75a8,87½; 400 bbls Cumberland Valley at $9; 800 bbls Extra at $9,12½a9,75, and 850 half bbls at $9 per pair; small sales for the supply of the retailers and bakers at $8,75a9 for common and good brands, $9,12½a9,75 for Extra, and fancy lots at higher quotations. Rye Flour is firmer; 400 bbls sold at $6,37½a6. Corn Meal is in limited request. Sales of 1,500 barrels Pennsylvania at $4,25 per bbl.

Inspections of Flour and Meal for the week ending the 22d inst.:

Barrels of	Superfine	12,760
Do	Fine	466
Do	Middlings	66
Do	Rye	500
Do	Corn Meal	1,797
Do	Condemned	11
	Total	15,730

Export of Breadstuffs from the United States to Great Britain and Ireland since Sept. 1st, 1854:

From	Flour. Bbls.	C. Meal. Bbls.	Wheat. Bush.	Corn. Bush.
N. York,	79,503	608	165,670	2,000,904
N Orleans,	14,900		1,782	71,276
Philada,	3,830	1,366	14,306	618,675
Baltimore,	4,115		15,026	90,975
Boston,	21	130	5,000	16,000
Total	102,397	1,976	192,906	2,436,500
Same period 1854,	1,000,220	26,770	4,700,021	1,670,466
" " 1853,	596,396		2,712,396	329,112
" " 1852,	441,962	1,040	1,156,361	430,549

GRAIN.—The market has been poorly supplied with Wheat during the past week, but the demand has been limited and prices have again receded 5c per bushel. Sales of 14a15,000 bushels good and prime red at $2,11, and white at $2,13, up to 2,20 for inferior to prime, part to arrive. Rye sells on arrival at $1,16a1,20. Corn has been less active and prices receded 2a3c. Sales of 25,000 bushels yellow at 94a95c before arrival, 93 cts. afloat, and 92a93c in store, closing at our lowest quotations, including 3a4,000 bushels damaged at 26 up to 45 cts. ...

Selected Poetry.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill—
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace—
From my heart I give thee joy:
I was once a barefoot boy!

Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride—
Barefoot, trudging is proud;
Let the haughty kid his care
In the coach of one and one—
Clover-blossoms scent the air,
Mornings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh! for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep sound sense in hopping by,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge, never learned at schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of bird, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tetherball turns to whirl,
How the hand-ball dodges full,
And the prisoner's base we run,
How the leaps the high bar clear,
How the tops should dance and reel,
How the kite should climb the air,
When the fishes bite and how,
Where the hottest hillsides glow,
Where the apples redden first,
Where the woodchuck's nesting nest,
Coats of the speckled trout,
All the seasons brought about,
All the joys the country knows,
Every where that God bestows,
For my heart the eastern gleam,
Plant the sunset hills in me;
That my eyes the blackberry even
Turned from summer into heaven,
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering to the pebbles well,
Talked with me from fall to fall,
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine on bending orchard trees
Apples of Hesperides!
Still or my bare brow grow,
Longer grow my soul, methinks, less;
All the world I saw or knew
Seems a complex Chinese,
Pampered for a barefoot boy!

Oh! for four days' deatous spread,
Like my heart of such coal burned,
Forever spoon and bowl at once!
Like deer mice among my store,
Or my lips, like a regal host,
Hardly stirred the meats for less,
Purple-stockinged, capped with gold,
Fingers to the wrist embossed,
Lords at first course of the year,
Oh for the good frog's earliness!
And to sight the wary deer,
Let the fat his lump on fire,
Wetted on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Pebbles spurned the new mown sward,
Knotty nuts shall load their through
Fresh hay mid of the dew,
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All his sons those feet must take
In the after-path of pain—
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground:
Happy if they ever rest in
Quiet homesteads made of sin.
Ah! but then remain how dry
Boy o' yonder, barefoot boy!

—Late Pilgrim.

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES FROM DEMERARA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NATIONAL SYRINGA POST.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

NUMBER XXVIII.

THE NEGRO WEDDING.

The next day was a busy one. The fair bride-elect came to Java first for—be silent, my muse—would it be objected to, if I pronounced herself with an enormous basket, crating—for lines on glass-ware, specially cut," and my best leader her servant, with all the glass, with a degree of alacrity and competence which I have rarely seen displayed by the less initiation. Then came an order for chairs and chairs, and boxes, with and without tenements; and finally, to the utter dismay, mama was sent for, to "cut de cake, and assist generally."

Away he went, followed by all the inmates of Java in procession, one deep, down the neglected lawn, over the three-foot bridge, up a gentle declivity, bordered by magnificent palm trees, down and decliivity on the opposite side, past two African huts, totally unoccupied, who gazed with distended mouths, "speechless as large as usual"; past a supercannated negro, who doffed his battered hat, and bowed so low as his poor old joints would allow—under a bamboo arch into a wide hall, furnished with bright yellow chairs and benches. Here several persons of color sat, enjoying the delightful breeze that floated through. Light Creole girls, with dreamy eyes and night-black ringlets, many half white, with rich cheeks; browner maidens, whose looks lay in sharp ripples, that would not be smoothed by the sanguine blandishes of their young lovers; them, in the vain hope that they would be straight and prosper: mistress, with beads—wrapped in folds of colored cloth; till presents shadowed forth, built on dusky bosoms, old ladies, gay and ugly—colored, white and powder-on: little children, from the shade of rich mauve to the deepest depth of coal blackness—all mingled in a happy crowd, chatting, laughing and singing.

The bride had retired to a room, and we could our way to her chamber. It was a pretty, cozy apartment, looking upon a garden of cactus and oleanders, the old walls of Java standing out gloomily against the sky. The young bride had completed her toilet with mama, as Mrs. N——— and myself entered, and was in the act of tying on a white muslin veil, a handkerchief, the ground white, with alternate checks of pink, yellow and purple. On a low bed, in one corner, lay an elegant dress, an embroidered muslin, which must have cost her many a week of hard labor. White hose were on, the contrast between her plump, ebony shoulders and arms, beautiful models, and the dead white of her exquisite robe, was delicious to look upon. In the meanwhile, the squeaking voice of Jack Ketch came up through the crevices of the floor, and then the bridegroom elect appeared. Such stately steppings to and fro! such consciousness of dignity! such impressive gesturing!

"Me what a grace was accord on that issue!
Emperor's crown no more than a feather!
An eye, like Mars, to threaten and command
A man like the beloved Hector make the
Were tiptoe on a narrow thread to!
A countenance not a Jove's, but would
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man!

Delicacy is not the order of the day in Demerara; when all was still and the whole of the population of whom I am speaking. I here often noticed, when wooing the cool air of evening, a high-breeded mulatto, with his flowing garments, with neck, bosom and arms exposed to the influence of the full Malay sanguine, pass by with the stately port of a prince, then turn and fix her saucy eye upon me, with an immediate tone of the head, and an expression that said, "Don't I look as well as my fair neighbor?" I do not fail from these and upon whom our handsome negress came (I had nearly said blushing) down the stairs, nowise embarrassed by the looks and admiring glances of the whole company, and went through the accustomed greeting her mother and sister, into the room where the refreshment table stood. An hour later the marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. R———, an Episcopal clergyman, the utmost decorum prevailing; indeed, gravity and sedateness were the order of the day. Then came the wedding feast, a sumptuous one had been prepared for the dusters, and all but the bridegroom participated in that cheerful occupation. He, "dressed in death," as the term is, was too much occupied with admiration or himself and bride, to make one in the festive scene. Besides, he was the lion of the night, and only fit to be looked at. In his gay plumage, he strutted like a turkey, or "spread himself" with all the vanity of a peacock.

I noticed one very pretty Creole girl, seemingly as armed a coquette as the most fastidious, and above all the most heartless belle of polished society—a flower that nestled upon every one; and one verdant, dark-browed Adonis seemed fastened to her chariot, hardly another slight one seem, though evidently suffering keenly from neglected love.

"Unto me is the world as it comes, or forget,
A look straight low doth to the dame requisite."

Once, during the evening, the reason of our host's surrounding abundance and the good nature in loaning his household goods and partaking in the general pleasure, seemed to fail; the table tangible fotus, and stand revealed before me. The bells of the evening, a very light shadow, was by some magic, effectual at the side of Mr. ——— than any other person present. Not that he sought the close contiguity; on the contrary, a deep blush dyed her cheek as often as he caught his way in the quarter of the room where she had fitted. And if he did love her, I thought his choice was not to be despised, for (since poetry seems to be my humor to-day,) I will describe her appearance in Byron's Impassioned language:

"Her glossy hair was clustered o'er her brow,
Braglet with intelligence, and fair, and smooth
Her eyebrow's shape was like the aerial bow,
Her cheek all purple with the bloom of youth,
Nor bright nor dark her eyes, but like the wave
As if her cause can lightning."

She was a young creature with a fine property, and mother of a pretty little girl fair with almost English beauty; retiring, modest, and I thought not unconscious of his attentions. While I was deeply interested in watching the boisterous movements of the lower part of the company, and listening to invitations that ran somewhat in this form—

"Will Miss Sar sophina do me de delicious pleasure ob accompany me on de light fantastic toe and heel?"

And the response.

"Oh, yes sah, if you mean dat I eat de pigin chaffle wid you, I's your pardiner."

There came a call to supper. And such a supper! No Yankee daughter, with her pickles or waffles as they have at real country weddings, down East; but whole pyramids of pine apples, and sweetmeats of all sorts. Our host had ransacked the finest, boiled, baked roasted, stewed, and otherwise prepared. Here stood a dish full of golden lemon apples—there the floating sour sop with its creamy color and delicate flavor. On one side the spice margo intitled—on the other the brown-coated and pear-like sapodilla. The preserved cocoanut, cocoa and crimson, the orange, custard and shaddock in their golden and green jelly, crystal dishes full of marmalade flanked the relics of fowl, beef, and fish. I never saw greater abundance. Nor could I imagine a stinger scene, as I counted among the company, four white faces—one of them (can such a spot be?) nothing of a fairinaceous nature which is so much admired in the tropics.

The natives, or large cheanut, is the pendence of the wild cheanut after being cogarded. The tree is of large size, with a trunk of 2 feet square off, say four or five feet from the ground. The cogard then spilt into 3 or 4 limbs quite intersect at right angles at the centre of the stamp. There is then inserted one perpendicular branch of the same size as the section of the splits, making four branches in the form of a cross. These are then inserted on the bark of the branches and the bark of the stamp join each other as closely as possible. The graft is then surrounded with clay and moss, to prevent the outflow of the sap, and scarcely ever fails of success. The process detected in this climate for this operation is the month of February. The produce of this graft is usually a fine, large, beautifully-colored mamon, about the size of our bark-dow. They are much better than the wild mamon and richer than our own wild cheanut. They are never eaten without being cooked. The tree is a handsome evergreen—a specimen of which may be seen in the botanical garden on Thursday, and the author would be glad to see a larger number of growed.

They are planted here at the side of avenues, and two or three together, wherever they add to the beauty of the landscape. When the trees are in blossom, or are spotted with their delicate green fruit, I know of no tree more pleasing to the eye or more ornamental. You, who are so fond of fine trees, should plant some of these cheanuts. And I should be pleased if you will call on Mr Foote, and select a dozen or two which I am sending him for that purpose. The picturesque beauty of your grounds in Clifton would be much enhanced by judicious distribution over them of these charming and most useful trees. It would be quite unlike the cultivation of a graft upon a nutmeg stump is larger in size, and more beautiful, than one from the indigenous tree. The Duke of Portland has been taking from this region to England, yearly for many years past, immense quantities of these nuts, which he plants upon his great estates, for the wood alone, as they do not bear fruit there. With you, I do not doubt that in time the fruit of these trees would be looked to as a permanent source of income.

Kissing.—A sprightly, amusing American writer discourses in very sprightly to a stranger coming from a country where the proprieties of life require you to kiss a lady when you meet—much less to salute her. In France, to kiss a lady with whom you are not at all intimate, is considered her, is very common. Even in this the case if she be a married lady. Not that the Frenchman is less jealous of his wife than the Englishman, but he is more polite. In the Orient, expect invariably to salute the lady of the house on entering her door. And even though the modest American may, perhaps, escape the ceremony on ordinary occasions, he must not on New Year's day. Accordingly, that morning I came down to my coffee about 8 o'clock, and I met with many agreeable salutations from my fair fellow-boarders. But I was not to get off so easily. In a few moments I received a call from my chief, Mr. Bowman, I am very angry with you." I exclaimed, "What have I done to regret our ignorance of having given her offence.

"Ah," said she, "you know very well the rule of the house that you find out something to-day when you come down this morning."

Madame was very beautiful, and perhaps, twenty-eight, with jet black, glossy hair, large intelligent black eyes, and a clear, fair complexion. She was very fashionable, and her toilet this day should have felt less embarrassed. She smiled, and I endeavored to atone for my fault by the gloss; but how could I before the whole table? I felt all these trembling in my soul. As I sought madame said: "Mme. B———, permettez moi." The word had come. I must trembling!; put my white, bloodless lips all grenay with butter, and not with coffee, (for in embarrassments I had dropped my napkin,) to those of madame. This was my first French kiss.

We expect after this, that our young editor will popularize the phrase "embrasez moi," and make fashionable the practice.

City Scenes.

DREADFUL JOKE.

Wallace.—There, Amy! what do you say to those for a pair of mustaches?"

Amy.—Why, I should say that calling those mustaches was giving to Hairy Nothings a Local Habitation and a Name." (For shame, Amy.)

GUDGRAND OF THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

(We find the following in a story-book for children, recently published. It is evidently of German origin, and embodies such a capital lesson for husbands and wives, that we think we shall do the American world a service by printing it as a round among the papers.—Ed. Ext. Ens. Post.)

There was once a man named Gudbrand, who had a house on the side of a high mountain, whence he was called Gudbrand of the Mountain-side. He and his wife lived in such harmony together, and were so much attached, that whatever the husband did, consisted to the wife quite well, that it could not be done better; let him therefore act as he might, she was acutely well pleased.

They owned a pair of goats, and had a hundred dollars lying at the bottom of a chest, and in the third year the fine cows. One day the wife said to Gudbrand: "I think we might as well drive one of the cows to town, and sell it: we should then have a few dollars more, and could stock respectable people as we are, ought to have a few shillings in hand as well as others. The hundred dollars at the bottom of the chest we had better not touch; but I do not see why we could still unless we sold one cow; besides, we shall be somewhat the gainer, for instead of two cows, I shall have only one to milk and look after."

These words Gudbrand thought both just and reasonable; so he immediately took the cow and went to the town in order to sell it; but when he came there, he could not find any one who wanted to buy a cow.

"Well! well!" thought Gudbrand, "I can go home again with my cow, for I have both skin and collar for her, and it is no farther to go backwards than forwards." So saying, he began his journey homeward.

"I can be sure a little way, to meet a man who will barter his goat for my cow, and Gudbrand thought it better to have a horse than a goat, so he exchanged with the man. After a little further still, he met a man driving a fat pig before him, and thought it better to have a fat pig than a horse, he made an exchange with him also. A little further on he met a man with a goat, "Good day, neighbor," he said, "you always better to have than a pig;" so he made an exchange with him also. Then a good while further on he met a man with a sheep; with him he exchanged his goat; for a sheep is always better than a goat. And so he went walked on for an hour, when he met a man with a sheep; with him he exchanged his goat; for a sheep is always better than a goat. Whether a sheep than a goat." After walking a little further on, he met a man with a goose; he changed away his sheep for the goose; then going on a long way, he met a man with a hen; he gave the goose to him, and got the hen in return; for a hen is better than a goose, and beginning to feel hungry, he sold the cock for twelve shillings, and thought that was a very good day's work; for a better to support life than to carry back the cow. When he came to the last village, he could wait till he reached the house of his nearest neighbor, where he called in.

"Can you buy a hen from me with you in town?" asked the neighbor.

"Oh!" answered Gudbrand, "but no, no! It cannot boast of my luck, neither can I exactly complain of it." He then began to relate all that he had done from first to last.

"You'll meet with a warm reception when you get home to your wife," said his neighbor; "I would not be in your place."

"I think things would have been much worse," said Gudbrand, "but whether they are good or bad, I have such a gentle wife, that I am sure she will not scold me at all."

"We shall see that when you come home," said the neighbor.

"Oh!" answered Gudbrand, "but so, no! It cannot boast of my luck, neither can I exactly complain of it." He then began to relate all that he had done from first to last.

"You'll meet with a warm reception when you get home to your wife," said his neighbor; "I would not be in your place."

"I think things would have been much worse," said Gudbrand, "but whether they are good or bad, I have such a gentle wife, that I am sure she will not scold me at all."

"We shall see that when you come home," said the neighbor.

"Good-evening," said Gudbrand.

"Good-evening," said his wife, "thank God that we have met."

Yes, there he was. His wife then began to ask him how he had fared in the town.

"Ah, no," said Gudbrand; "I can tell you much to boast of, for when I reached the town I found no one who would buy the cow, so I changed it for a horse."

"Listen, thanks for that," said his wife, "we are so respectable, that we ought to ride to church as well as others; and if we can afford to keep a horse we must certainly have one."